

the flood

aku mahu kau hidup bahagia  
by noor hafiza

biarpun berat luka yang kutanggung  
akan tetap kugagahi langkah ini  
ke mana pun aku pergi aku tetap  
di sini  
tanpa perlu memberi kepada  
kelemahan diri  
usah pikirkan kemana akan kutuju  
sesungguhnya aku tidak pernah  
mengharapkanmu  
sentiasa aku berada dalam  
pelukanNya  
mengapa harus aku gusar akan  
kehilanganmu  
kau tidak lagi punya makna dalam  
hidupku  
telah ku campakkan segala  
romantisimu  
jauh dari pandangan jiwaku  
pergi jauh tinggalkan aku  
mengapa tidak aku kembali ke jalan  
yang nyata  
setelah puas diriku dihasut noda  
akan tetapi aku masih percaya  
peluang yang satu masih terbuka  
apa sekalipun yang terjadi  
aku serahkan kepada Yang Maha Esa  
semoga kau dapat petunjuk dan  
hidayah darinya  
tidak aku benarkan kau terjerat  
selamanya  
pikir untuk dirimu bukan yang lain  
walau cinta kita tidak kekal  
selamanya  
aku hanya mahu kau hidup bahagia

when theres nothing left  
to say, its the end of  
the day, see you again  
and dont forget to send  
your stories...

write something  
that make sense  
dammit!

The tide was totally tiring and damn, I felt  
was at the back seat alone while Neja and Lila was talking about the weather  
at the front. Track after track from The Strokes keep my eyes awake and to  
really woke myself up, I tapped fow indefinable knock at the window glass  
along with the tunes. Outside, the sky look cloudy es the rain began to fall  
down.

I lit up three of my cigarattes end the smoke covers my face. I  
passed it to Neje and then to Lila. Lila didn't teke it. How could I forget thet she  
doesn't smoke? I dropped some weter on the wasted cigarette end put it back  
into golden box that I bought at Petaling Street. This is my precious  
possession. I adore this shit.

Naja changed the CD. She asked me for Element CD and Lila  
said we didn't hear Element especially on this tiring journey as I handed her  
Norah Jones. This is fucking worst, she said. She put Vonda Shepard on the  
player. Gee, another McBeal nutty people. But no one objected, so wa just  
shut our mouth end concentrate to the front view.

The signboard said, Kuantan-157 km. Such long time just to reach  
our haven. Naja had slept with her mouth open, could fit my feet if I put mine in  
that deep hollow mouth of hers. The CD compartment fell down from the  
dashboard. Lila pinched Naja and she woka up with red eyes like ripa chilies.  
She picked up everything end continues on awake.

Rain falls down lika there's broken dam up there. About 60 meters  
away from our car, there's few policemen with torchlight and shining skittle.

"The road's closed, the flood's too high for your car, miss, perhaps  
you could drive your vehicle back to the nearest town," one of the policemen  
said with a smila. What?

### \*\*\* plea to sleep \*\*\*

Those previous night had wasted with my eyes that never  
closed. I wished I had the courage to pull out my eyeball and  
squeezed them tight with my hend so that I could sleep  
forever. This inability to sleep was killing me every night. Every  
little sound will woke me up whenever I was closer to the gate of  
Dreamland. It seems lika there was something that didn't  
allow me to go nearer to the gata. Something that I couldn't  
describe what it was. The night was spent with me counting  
the numbers to infinite and when the dawn came, I have to  
prepere myself for work. No matter how tired I was, its just  
couldn't set me off. Sometimes I watched the sama movies for  
hundreds times. Sometimes I kept on rewind and forwarding  
the tape until it got stuck end sound lika e dead dog. I  
sometimes thought of walking outside. To heva some fresh  
carbon dioxides air filled into my lung but no, I don't hava the  
guts to go outside. No guts, yes. It absolutely worst when it's  
raining and the thundar was likes e climate of the hell for me. I  
switched off the light, tuned on the most boring channel thel  
will drove any normal person sleepy as fast es the result like  
they had swallowed a bottle of sleeping pills in one gulp but,  
none of it worked. None. I still awake, blinked et the darkness,  
blinked straight upon the ceiling, thought of nothing. Vision  
blurred but awake, mind freshly replays what I've done from  
the morning till the moment I was on my bed. Shit. The last  
time I had peaceful tight sleep was about two weeks ago. But  
after my roommate moved to another city, I wasn't able to  
sleep any fighter. There's elways a frightening nightmare that  
forbid me to sleep and then the result was I couldn't sleep  
enymore. I could even finished about two books in one night  
depends on my speed of reading. And it's sickening to see a  
pair of bag under my eyes that look alike Santa's sack loaded  
with presents for nice kids. I didn't dare to go for pills. No, I  
didn't went to involve any kind of drugs into my life. They just  
maka you worst, Richard Ashcroft said. And I don't want it to  
be worst.

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sure

sure

sure

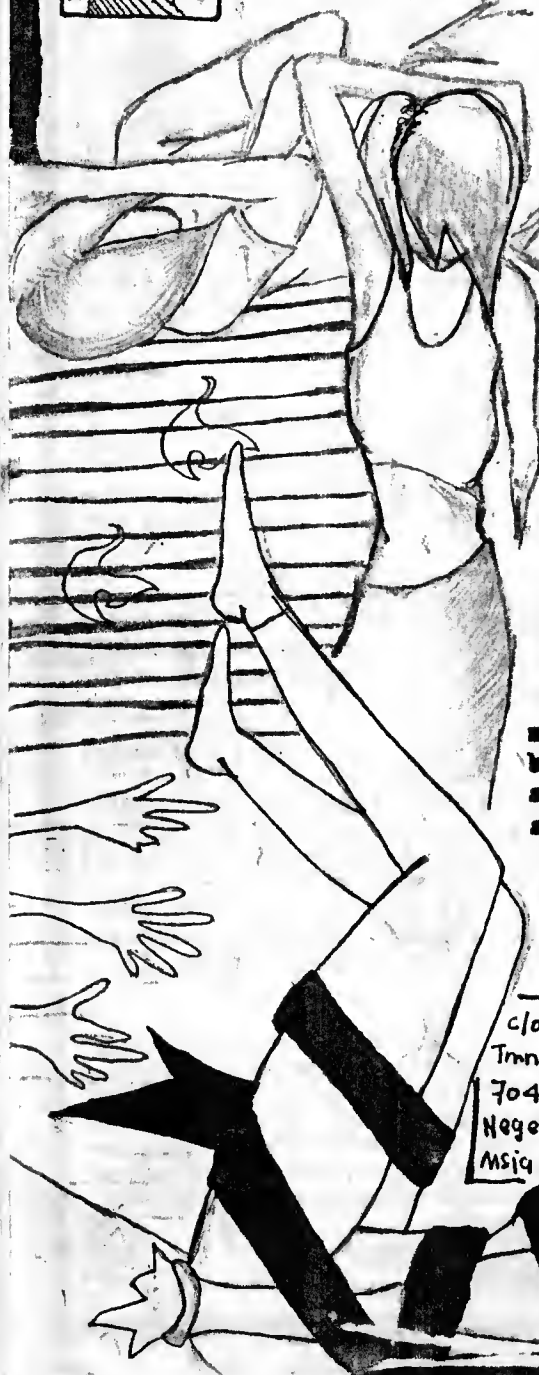
part one

hoping for something to come true without doing anything to make it real is useless. so, here we are after spending so much times daydreaming and patiently waiting for this n/1 come out...we hope that the next volume will come out as soon as possible. 'sure' that's what we called this n/1 is a medium where we like to use to share our interest in writings and reading and we hope that you will enjoy everything we wrote or simply cut&paste. may it be lame or anything but your support will worth everything or you could help us by sending something for the next print? there's nothing really kool inside here (who cares?) due to lack of time and commitment at the time but we promise that there'll be some changes for its next issue so keep in touch. ok, that's all for this time, see yah inna next print, take care!

'sure' are:  
syik & amishka



c/o: 503 Semarak 10,  
Tmn Panchor Jaya,  
70400 Seremban,  
Negeri Sembilan  
MSIA.



## The Women Suicide Bombers- Andrea Dworkin

There are good reasons for women suicide bombers, and anyone who knows what's happening to women in the Middle East can't be surprised. This is not the first time there have been women martyrs from Palestine. Between June 1967 and October 1985, there were 353 terrorist attacks inside Israel and each caused casualties. In the era of Oslo and the early days of the Palestinian Authority there were a near endless parade of suicide bombers who murdered Israeli civilians in acts of terror



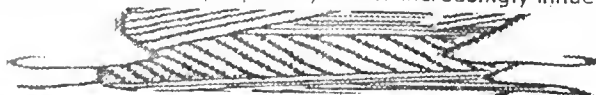
There were, in the interstices of the terrorists, young women, often women who had been raped, sometimes by men in their own families. Rather than face an ignominious death, the young women wrapped themselves with explosives and committed a glorious suicide, one that would raise them up into the elite of martyrdom. Now one sees the same happening with exemplary young women, whose motives have to do with trying to scale the heights of a woman-hating society. How does one rise up in a land where women are lower than the animals? If one does what the men do, does one get a measure of the respect the community gives the men?

It is better, easier, and more logical to blame the Israelis for women's suffering than to blame the men who both sexually abuse and then kill them according to honor society rules. Says one woman: "It is as if we were in a big prison, and the only thing we really have to lose is that. Imagine what it is like to be me, a proud, well-educated woman who has traveled to many countries. Then see what it is like to be an insect, for that is what the [Israeli] soldiers call us-cockroaches, dogs, insects."

The female suicide bombers are idealists who crave committing a pure act, one that will wipe away the stigma of being female. The Palestinian community is not sacrificing low women, women of no accomplishment, women with no future. Instead, the women suicide bombers are the society's best in terms of human resources, a perverted example of the best and the brightest. There are reasons for this.

The first has to do with sexual abuse. Israeli and Palestinian feminists have worked together in rape crisis centers to repair the torn hymens of Palestinian rape victims. This is a life-saving procedure, since sexual abuse is perceived as a form of the woman having prostituted. There is no empathy, no post-traumatic stress disorder, no redemption, no revenge against the rapist, no legal prosecution of him. Instead for the woman or girl there is secrecy or death. In becoming suicide bombers, women trade in the lowly status of the raped woman for the higher status of a martyr. The fact that women suicide bombers have not been recognized as such before this current onslaught of anti-Israeli aggression has to do with the invisibility of women in general and the necessary silence of injured women.

The second reason for women suicide bombers is to try to rise in the nationalist struggle so that when that struggle is over the status of women will be recognized as deserving of citizenship and equality. In Algeria women fought heroically. All the rules that bind women seemed to change. Women were in the company of men. Women were brave. Women were not hidden. After liberation the women were pushed back to a similar dynamic took place with Israeli women, needed to fight and to settle the land early on, now distinctly second-class, especially under increasingly influential religious law.



The third reason is pride: the deep-seated belief that a young woman can be as brave, as sacrificing, as willing to submit to revolutionary imperatives as men. Girls and young women want to stand up to the Israelis, hard to do in a landscape of maniacal fighting men. The best and brightest are motivated to stand up for their families: their beaten fathers, their destroyed homes, their angry mothers, and the brothers who are civilly superior to them.

In this time of terror, there is no tie between Israeli and Palestinian women, no conviction on the part of Palestinian women that the Israeli women they are killing have anything in common with them. Even though policy is made in both communities by aggressive, angry men, there is no sisterhood to speak of, no sense that there but for the grace of God go I. Instead adult Palestinian men pick out those needing or desiring martyrdom, strap explosives around them and send them into Hell, not Heaven. The more women want to prove their worth, the more women suicide bombers there will be. The lower the Israelis push the "cockroaches," the angrier the accomplished Palestinian women will be, and sisterhood between them and the young bombers will also disappear. The older women will let the younger women do the dirty work. They will not stop them.

Both Israeli and Palestinian men push women into an anti-sisterhood camouflaged as nationalist liberation.

I'm just too obsessed with her. From my bedroom window, I could almost see everything she did inside her room. Her big, curtain-less window, widely open. I wonder what makes her feel so secure like that.

She spent her night inside her room with candles lit brightly. She would read books that only with cloth-covered and she drinks coffee only from the black mug with big, white star on it.

Sometimes, in the morning she would sit under huge tree at the park in front of her apartment, watching the cars passed by. Her eyes shimmering like the lip-gloss she used on her lips.

Everything about her was so sweet and I'm imagining that I was she. I bought the same lip-gloss and the buttoned up white shirt as well as black hanging pants. I read books with cloth-covered and spent whole day at the flea market to find black mug with star on it.

Only one thing I can't afford to tag on was, when she jumped out from her window. I just couldn't do that...

obsession  
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R Di zaman dahulu, di negara itu  
A rajanya bernama Raja Wang.  
J Raja yang kadangkala zalim,  
A namun kadangkala begitu  
pemurah sekali dengan  
W rakyatnya. Penduduk negara  
A itu terdiri daripada dua  
N bahagian, sebahagian adalah  
G terdiri daripada hamba Raja  
Wang manakala sebahagian  
yang lain bekerja sendiri.

Hamba kepada Raja Wang ini kebanyakannya sudah dibuang hati, akal dan perasan mereka. Antara pekerjaan yang mereka lakukan adalah sebagai penipu, perompak, pencuri dan tak kurang juga perogol dan pelacur. Mana mana hamba yang rajin bekerja maka senanglah hidup mereka dengan pelbagai kemudahan tidak kiralah lelaki ataupun perempuan, kecil atau besar juga bukan ukuran. Raja mereka yang pemurah itu membekalkan pelbagai kemudahan untuk mereka membuat pekerjaan mereka, senjata dan pelbagai lagi perkakasan yang lain. Semakin lama semakin canggih kemudahan yang diberikan. Semuanya mereka lakukan hanya untuk raja mereka. Raja Wang. Apabila ada yang mati dan sakit atau di dalam kesusahan, biasanya mereka dibiarkan begitu saja kerana semua orang lain sibuk bekerja untuk raja mereka. Maka ketika itulah golongan rakyat Raja Wang yang selain dari hambanya tadi datang untuk menjalankan tanggungjawab mereka. Membantu yang dalam kesusahan, kerkongsi susah senang, dan lain lagi lagi ini kerana mereka bekerja menolong orang. Dan Raja Wang amat membenci golongan ini. Ini kerana mereka mengurangkan hasil pendapatan negara kerana tidak membantu ekonomi dengan kegiatan perompak, menipu dan lain lain lagi. Makanya, Raja Wang melancarkan penghapusan ke atas golongan ini kerana itulah, hari ini, bilangan mereka amat kecil sekali malah amat sukar mau ditemui.

SELF DIGNITY LIES ON INFERIORITY COMPLEX

If you're taking so much time to read this small print... thank you very much. It was here just to fit the empty spaces that we don't know what we could do with them. If we got some contribution from you, we're sure that we don't have to do shit like this anymore and that will be fucking great! If you like to submit a piece of your shit, get in touch with us!